

# HOME AGAIN WITH ME

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WHITCOMB  
RILEY

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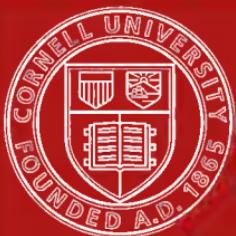
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Home again with me.



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# Home Again With Me

F. D.







~~How are~~ *How are* Ladies Ch

# Home Again With Me

By

James Whitcomb Riley

Drawings by

Howard Chandler Christy

Decorations by Franklin Booth

Grosset & Dunlap  
Publishers

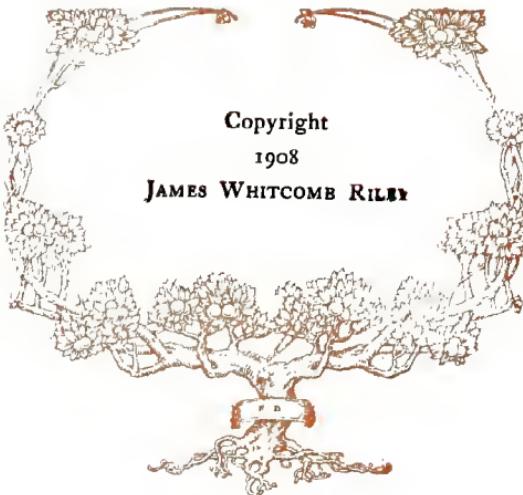
F. D.  
L. A.  
1891

A 65 - 412

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1908

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

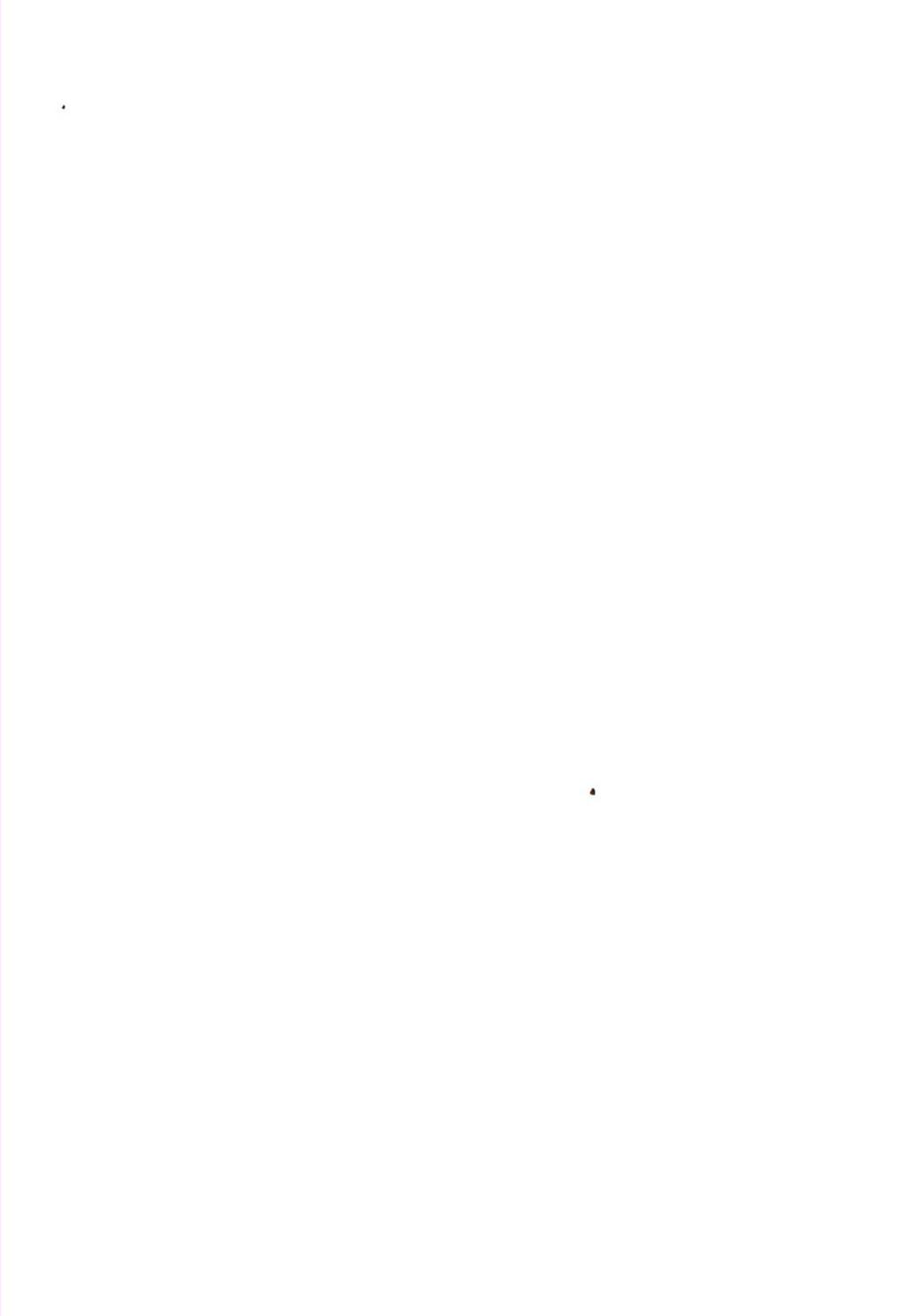


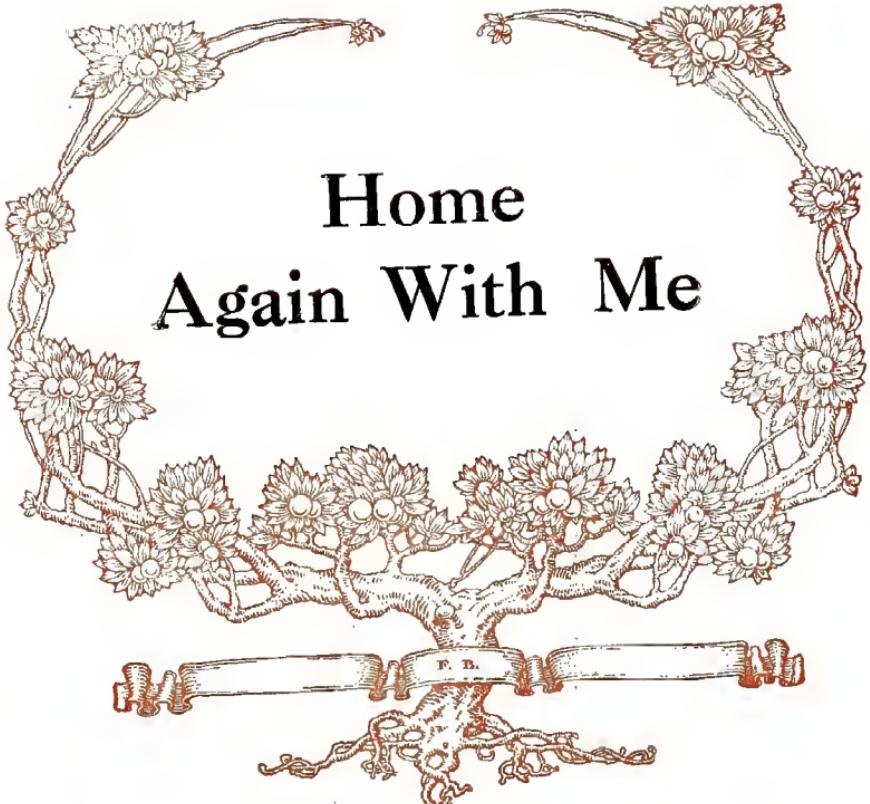
**DEDICATION**

**To WILLIAM C. BOBBS**

***HIS LOVE OF HOME***

“As love of native land,” the old man said,  
“Er stars and stripes a-wavin’ overhead,  
Er nearest kith-and-kin, er daily bread,  
A Hoosier’s love is for the old homestead.”





Home  
Again With Me

F. D.

I'M a-feelin' ruther sad,  
    Fer a father proud and glad  
As *I* am—my only child  
Home, and all so rickonciled!—  
Feel so strange-like, and don't know  
What the mischief ails me so!—

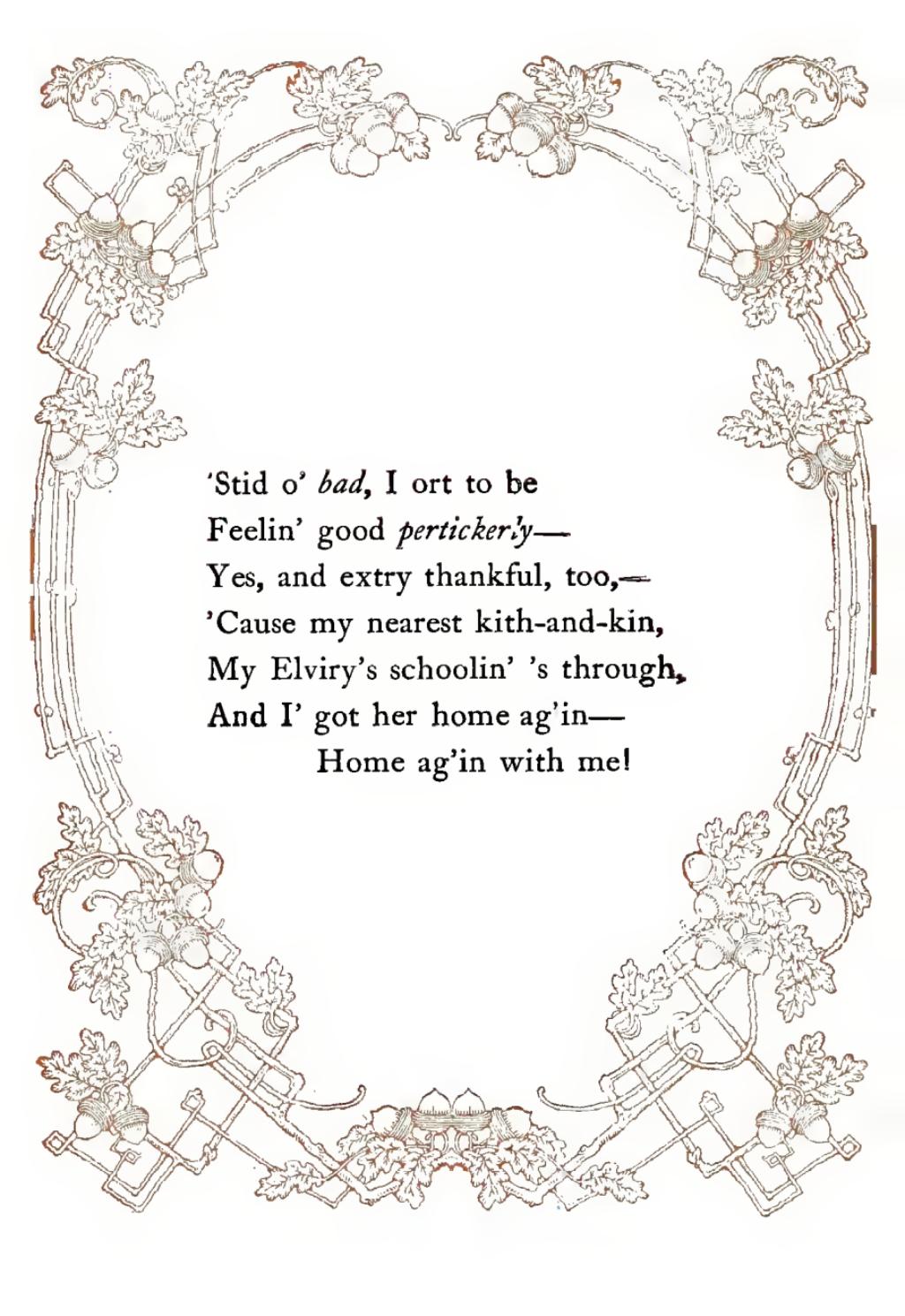


Howard Chandler Christy





Fer a father proud and glad  
As I am—my only child



'Stid o' bad, I ort to be  
Feelin' good *pertickerly*—  
Yes, and extry thankful, too,—  
'Cause my nearest kith-and-kin,  
My Elviry's schoolin' 's through,  
And I' got her home ag'in—  
    Home ag'in with me!



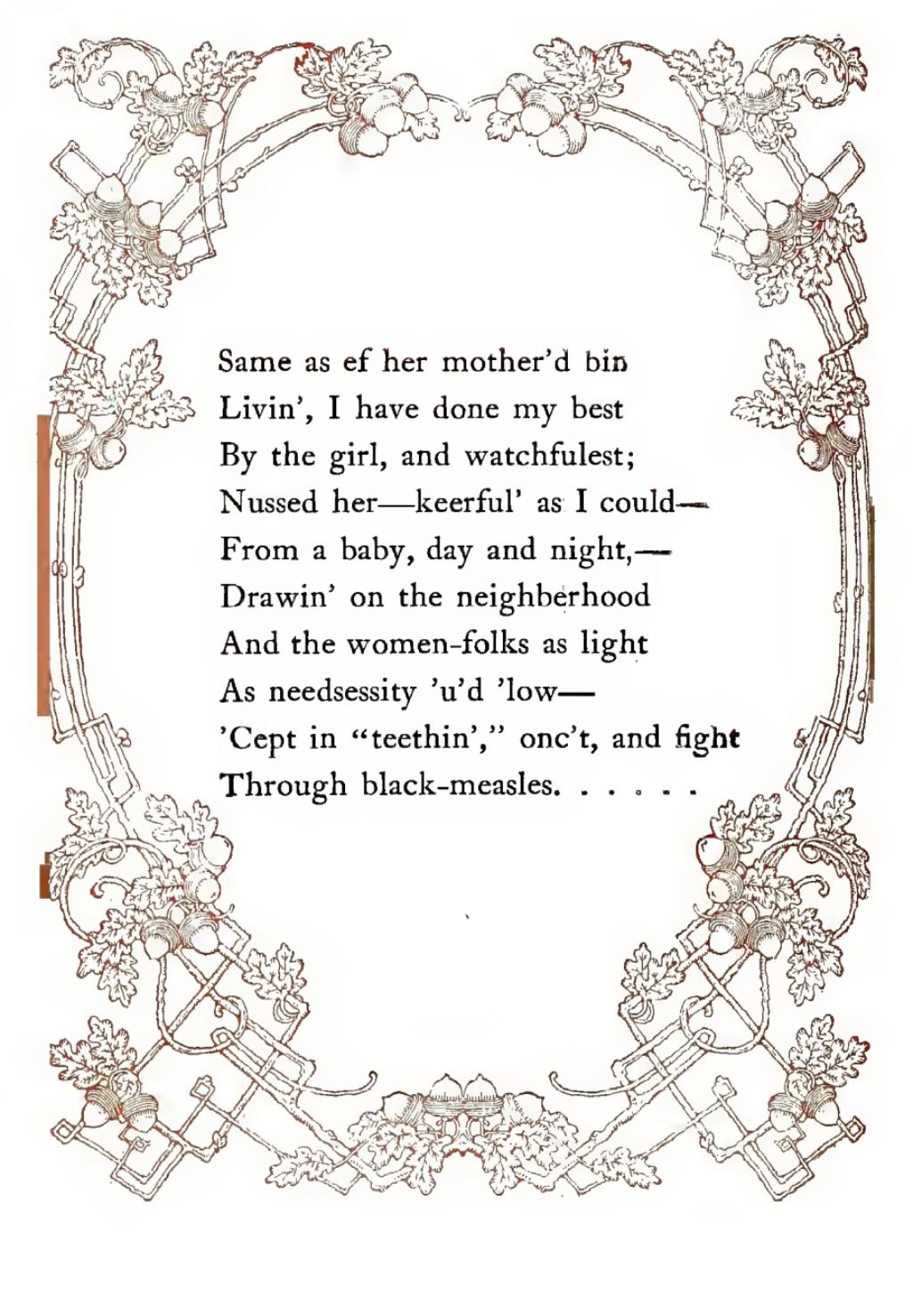
"Home Ag'in with me!"





Howard Chandler Christy 1928

My Elviry's schoolin' 's through,  
And I' got her home ag'in—



Same as ef her mother'd bin  
Livin', I have done my best  
By the girl, and watchfulest;  
Nussed her—keerful' as I could—  
From a baby, day and night,—  
Drawin' on the neighborhood  
And the women-folks as light  
As needcessity 'u'd 'low—  
'Cept in "teethin'," onc't, and fight  
Through black-measles. . . . .



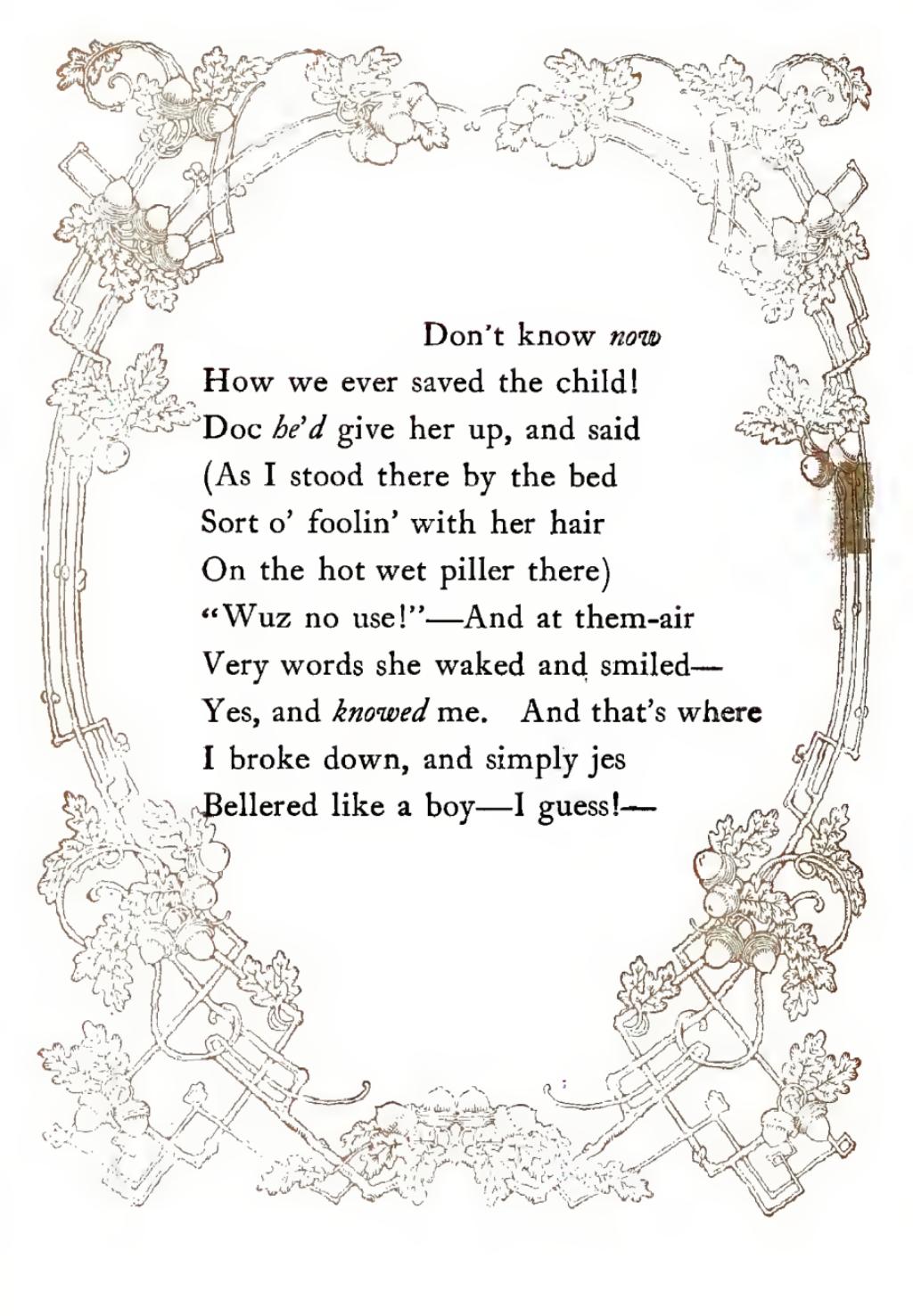
Howard Chandler Christy 1918.

"When our baby died—"



A watercolor illustration of a woman with dark hair, wearing a large, ruffled bonnet. She is looking down and slightly to her right with a somber expression. The background is a soft, out-of-focus wash of colors.

Same as ef her mother'd bin  
Livin', I have done my best



Don't know *now*

How we ever saved the child!

Doc *be'd* give her up, and said

(As I stood there by the bed

Sort o' foolin' with her hair

On the hot wet piller there)

"Wuz no use!"—And at them-air

Very words she waked and smiled—

Yes, and *knowed* me. And that's where

I broke down, and simply jes

Bellered like a boy—I guess!—



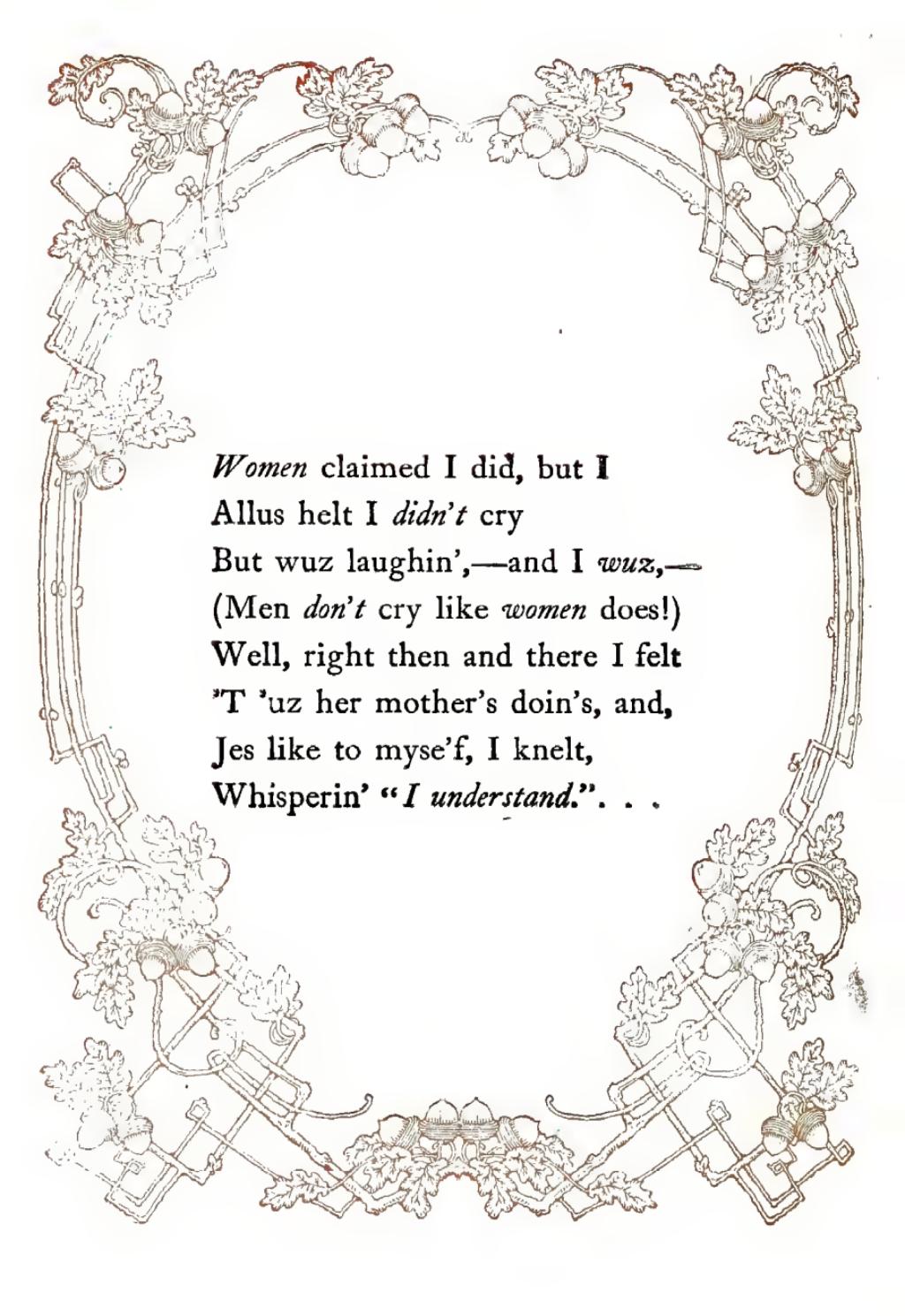
Edward Charles Christy Jr.





Howard Chandler Christy, 1918

Don't know now  
How we ever saved the child



*Women claimed I did, but I  
Allus helt I didn't cry  
But wuz laughin',—and I wuz,—  
(Men don't cry like women does!)  
Well, right then and there I felt  
"T 'uz her mother's doin's, and,  
Jes like to myse'f, I knelt,  
Whisperin' "I understand." . . .*



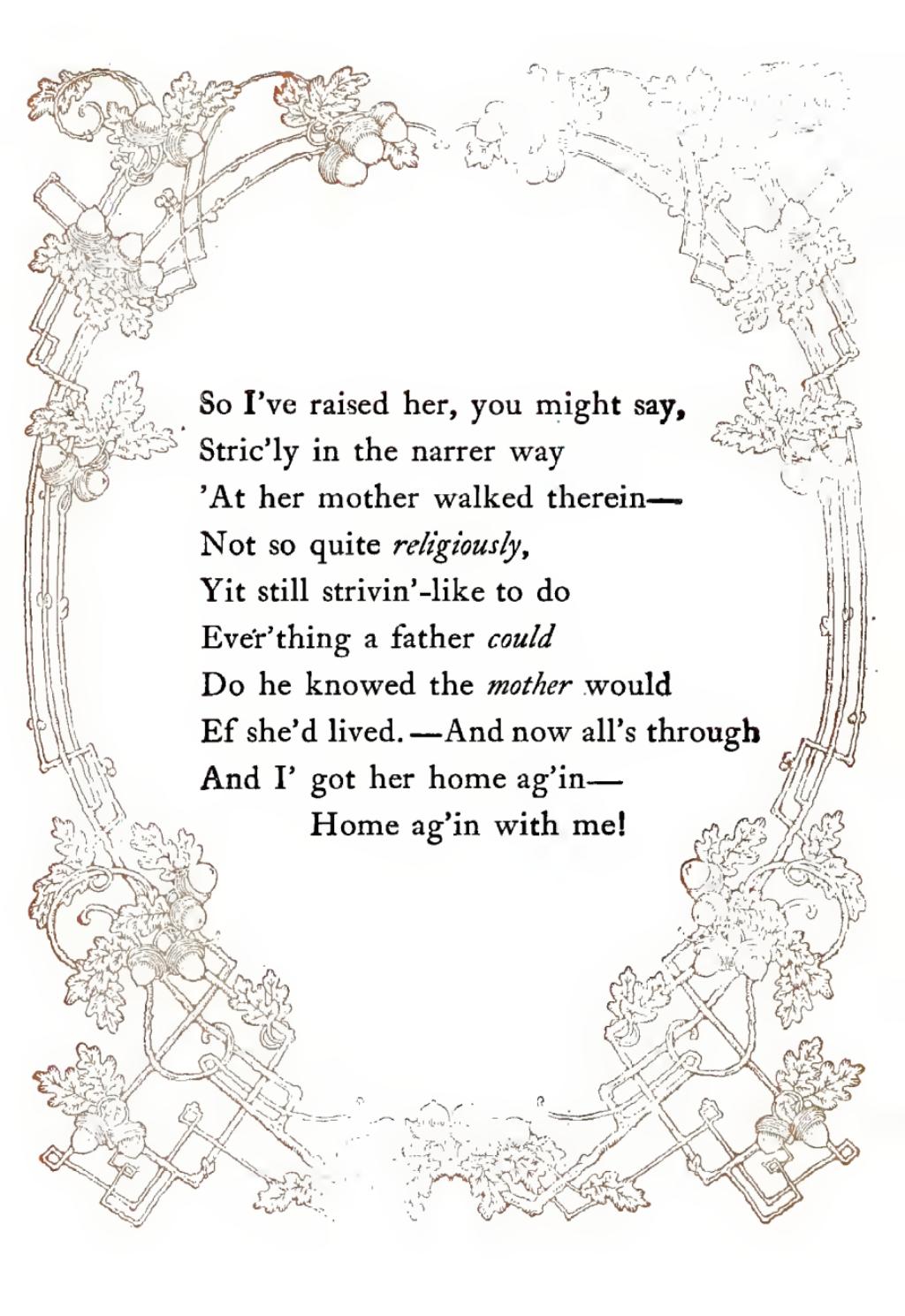
—F. Schindler Chriazy 1903





—Hans Christian Andersen

Women claimed I did, but **I**  
Allus helt I didn't cry



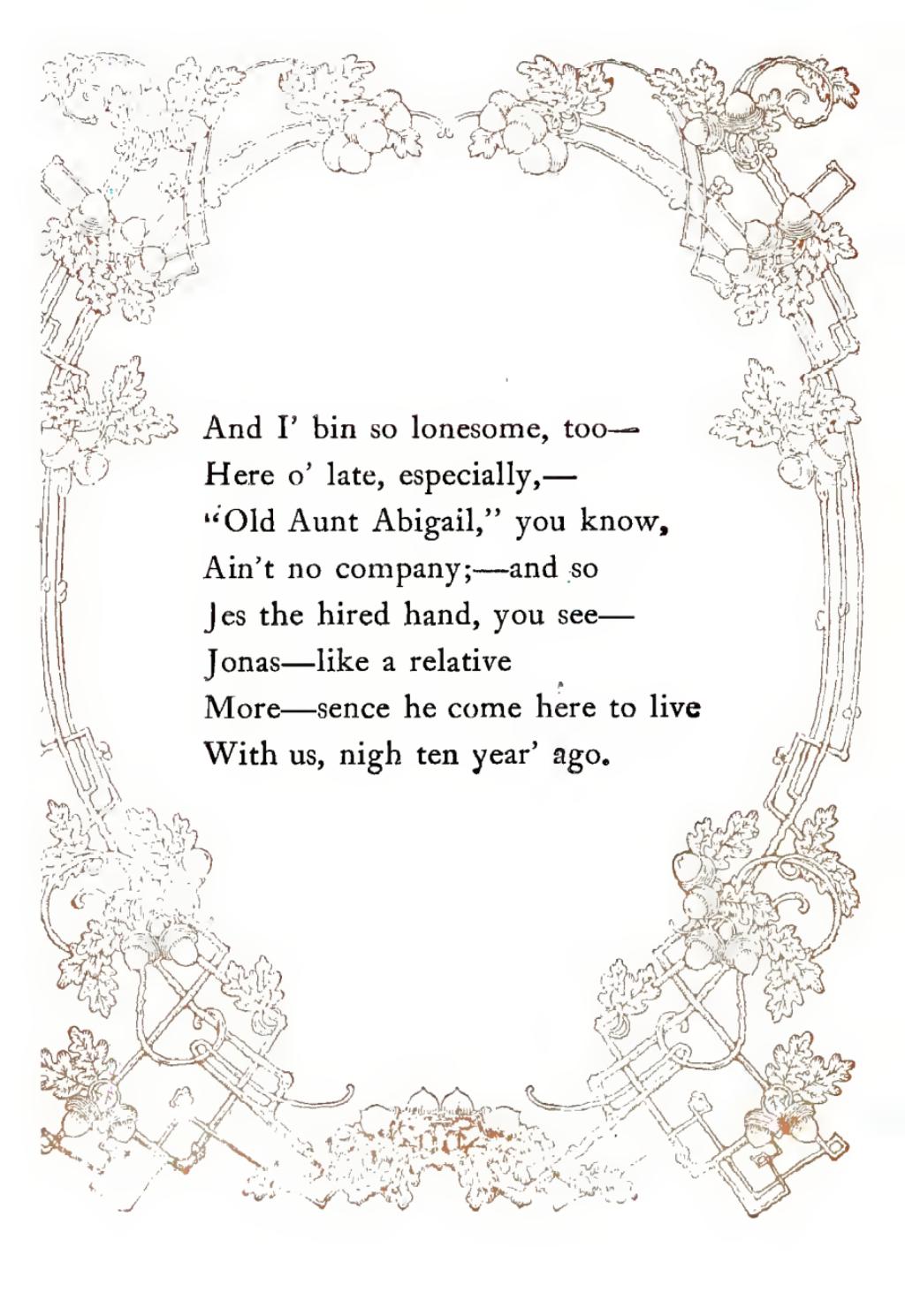
So I've raised her, you might say,  
Stric'ly in the narrer way  
'At her mother walked therein—  
Not so quite *religiously*,  
Yit still strivin'-like to do  
Ever'thing a father *could*  
Do he knowed the *mother* would  
Ef she'd lived.—And now all's through  
And I' got her home ag'in—  
Home ag'in with me!







Yit still strivin'-like to do  
Ever'thing a father could



And I' bin so lonesome, too—  
Here o' late, especially,—  
“Old Aunt Abigail,” you know,  
Ain't no company;—and so  
Jes the hired hand, you see—  
Jonas—like a relative  
More—sence he come here to live  
With us, nigh ten year' ago.

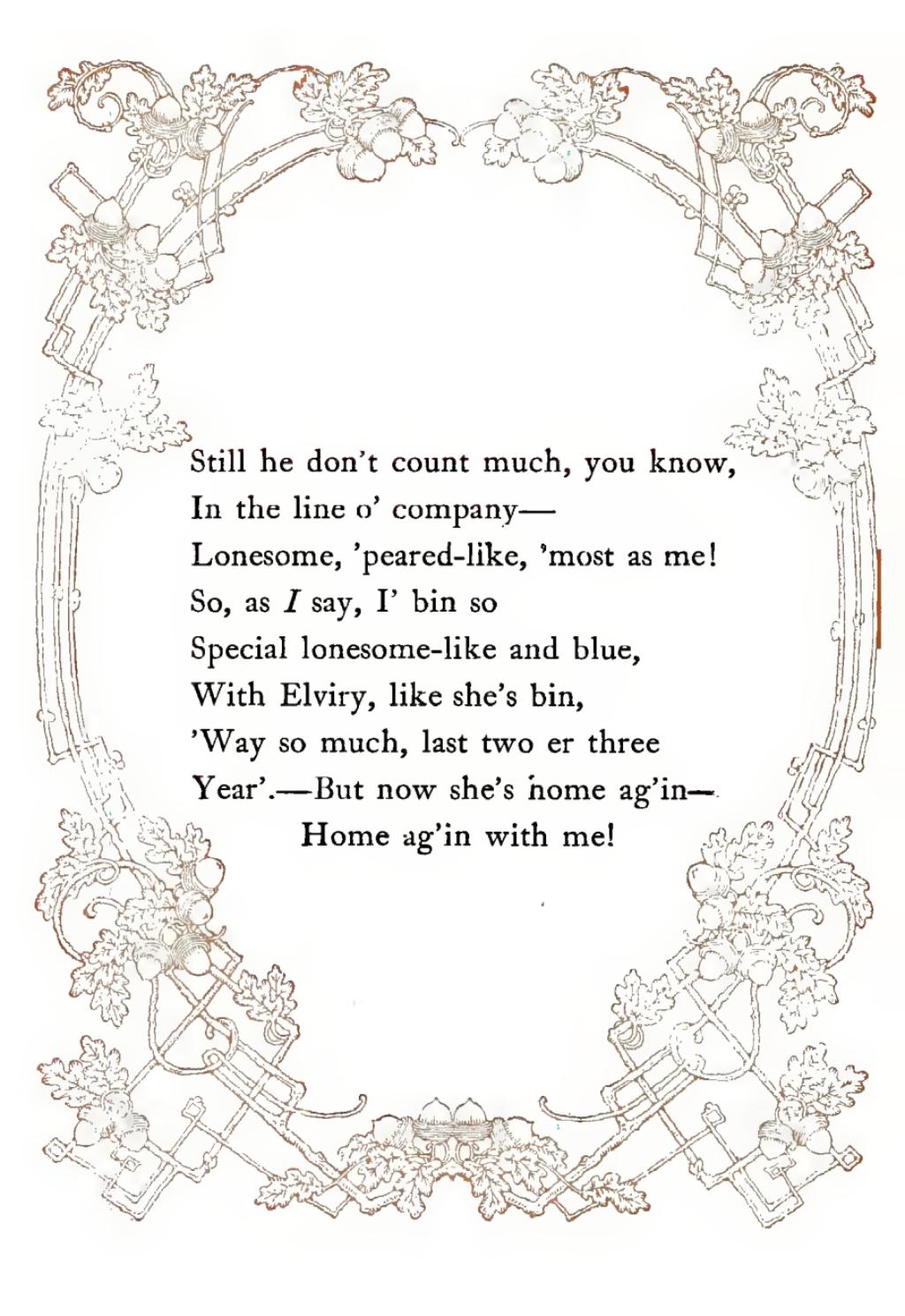


Howard Chandler Christy. 1908





“Old Aunt Abigail,” you know,  
Ain’t no company



Still he don't count much, you know,  
In the line o' company—  
Lonesome, 'peared-like, 'most as me!  
So, as *I* say, I' bin so  
Special lonesome-like and blue,  
With Elviry, like she's bin,  
'Way so much, last two er three  
Year'.—But now she's home ag'in—  
Home ag'in with me!



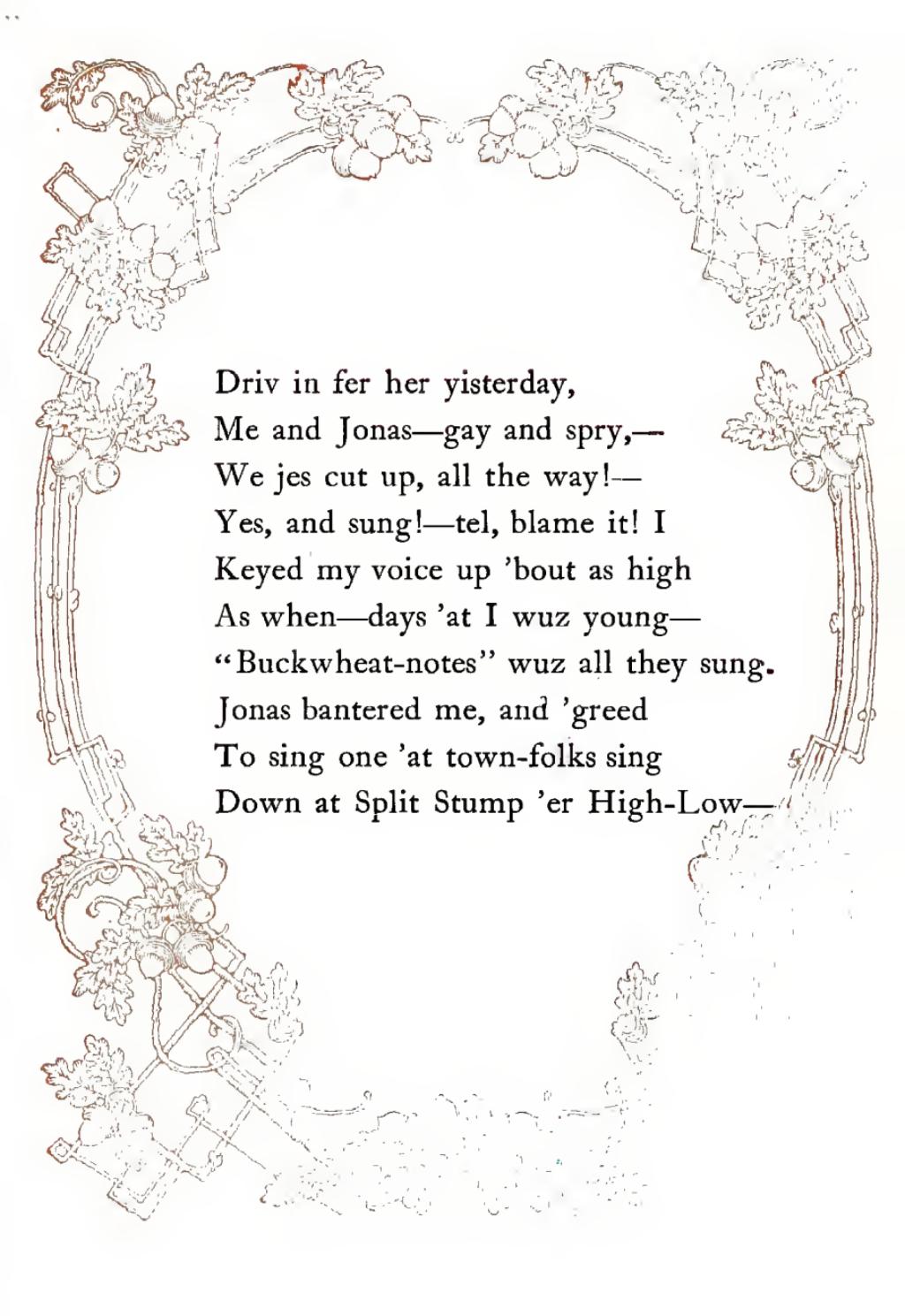
"Thinkin' back's a thing 'at grows"





Edward Chappell Christy, 1852

Still he don't count much, you know,  
In the line o' company



Driv in fer her yesterday,  
Me and Jonas—gay and spry,—  
We jes cut up, all the way!—  
Yes, and sung!—tel, blame it! I  
Keyed my voice up 'bout as high  
As when—days 'at I wuz young—  
“Buckwheat-notes” wuz all they sung.  
Jonas bantered me, and 'greed  
To sing one 'at town-folks sing  
Down at Split Stump 'er High-Low—



~~©~~ Howard Chandler Christy 1905

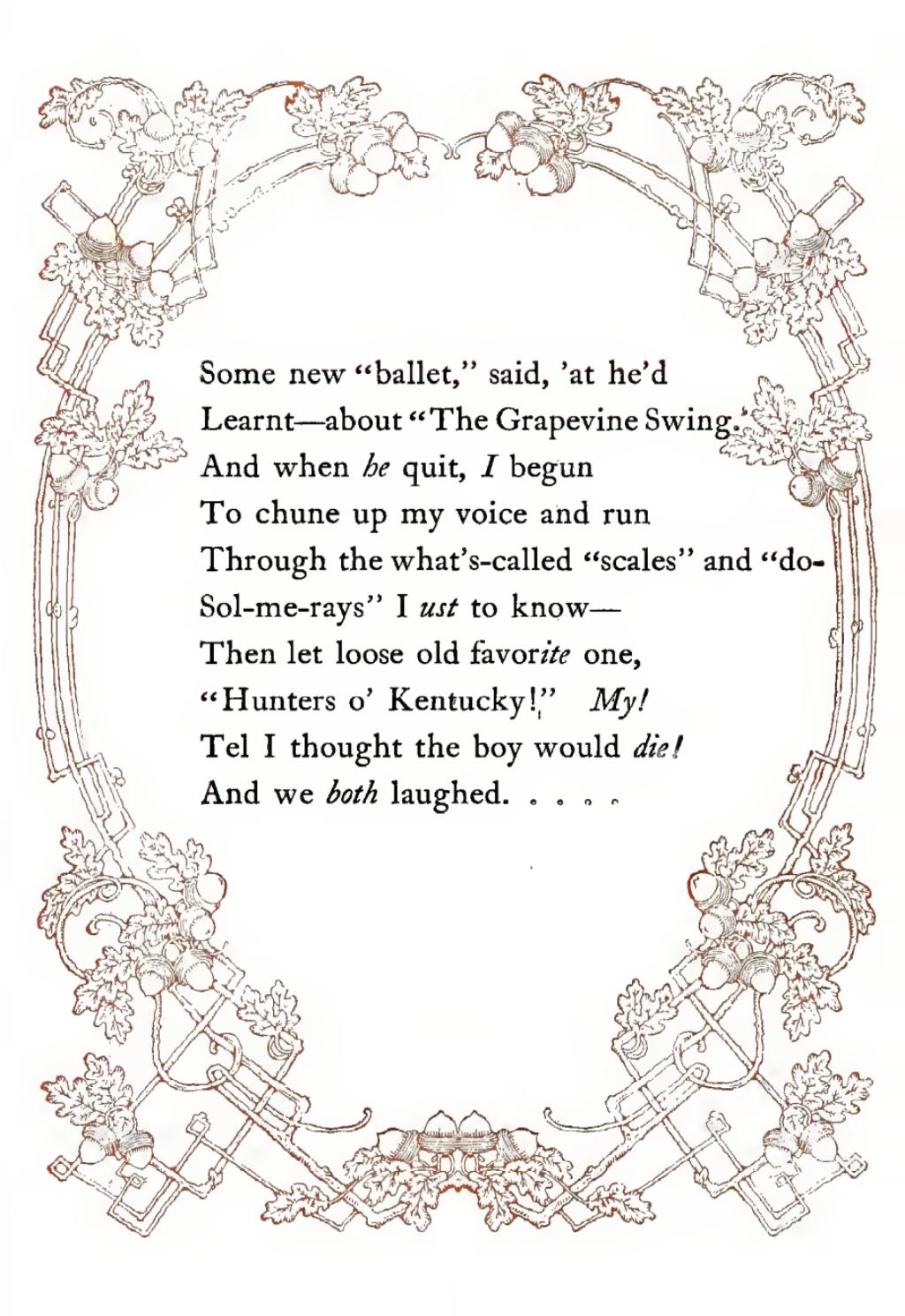
"Doc jes' mianders round in that old rig o' his"





— Paul Chandler, 1908

'onas bantered me, and 'greed  
To sing one 'at town-folks sing



Some new "ballet," said, 'at he'd  
Learnt—about "The Grapevine Swing."  
And when *he* quit, *I* begun  
To chune up my voice and run  
Through the what's-called "scales" and "do-  
Sol-me-rays" I *ust* to know—  
Then let loose old favorite one,  
"Hunters o' Kentucky!" *My!*  
Tel I thought the boy would *die!*  
And we *both* laughed. . . .



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'Way so much, last two er three  
Year. But now she's home again—

Yes, and still

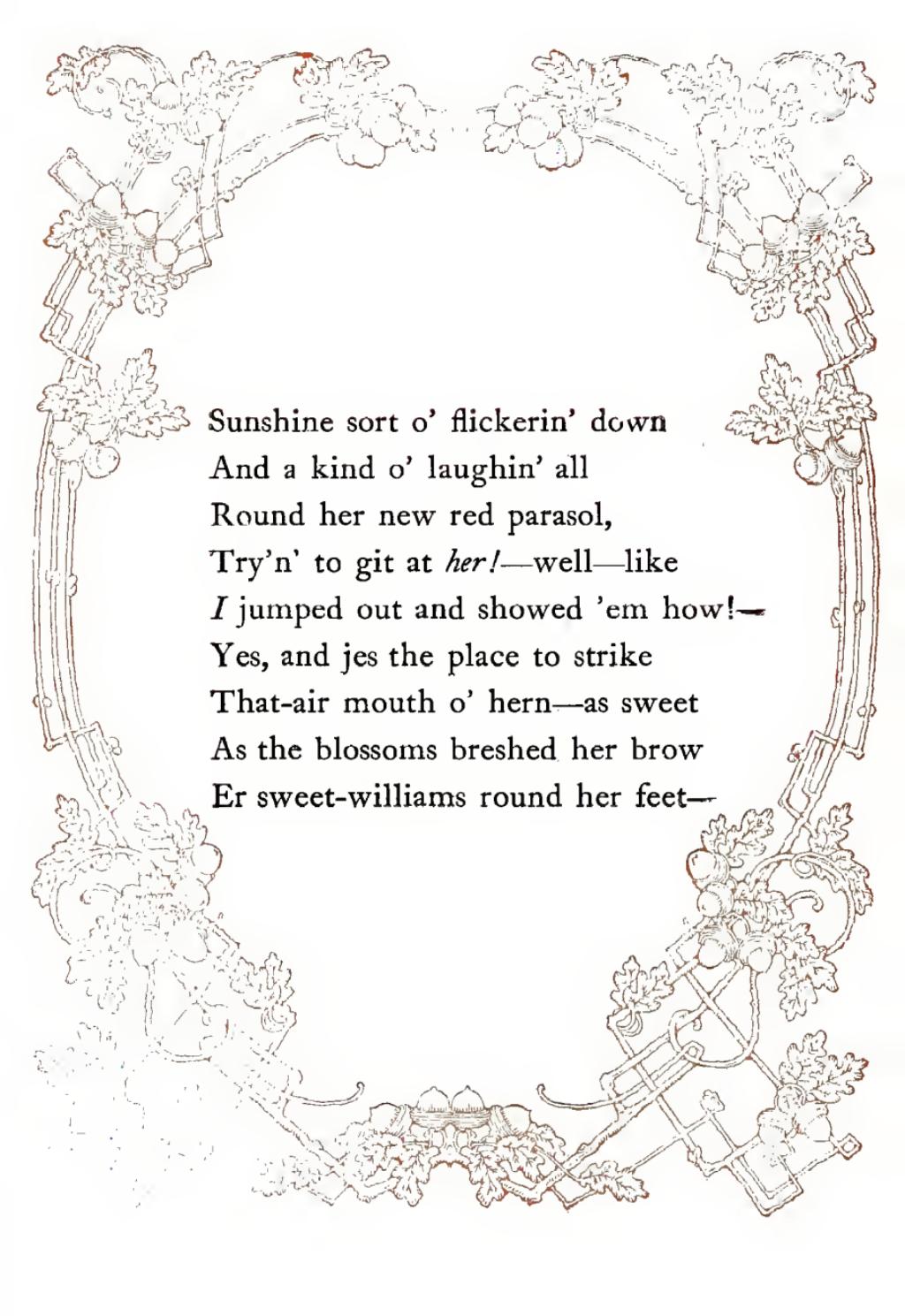
Heerd *more* laughin', top the hill;  
Fer we'd missed Elviry's train,  
And she'd lit out 'crosst the fields—  
Dewdrops dancin' at her heels,—  
And cut up old Smoots's lane  
So's to meet us. And there in  
Shadder o' the chinkypin,  
With a danglin' dogwood-bough  
Bloomin' 'bove her—See her now!—





A watercolor illustration of a garden path through a rose arbor. The path is paved with large, light-colored stones. A low stone wall runs along the left side. The arbor is constructed from thin, crisscrossing branches covered in clusters of pink roses. The background shows more greenery and a few small figures walking on the path.

And cut up old Smoot's lane  
So's to meet us



Sunshine sort o' flickerin' down  
And a kind o' laughin' all  
Round her new red parasol,  
Try'n' to git at *her*!—well—like  
*I* jumped out and showed 'em how!—  
Yes, and jes the place to strike  
That-air mouth o' hern—as sweet  
As the blossoms breshed her brow  
Er sweet-williams round her feet—

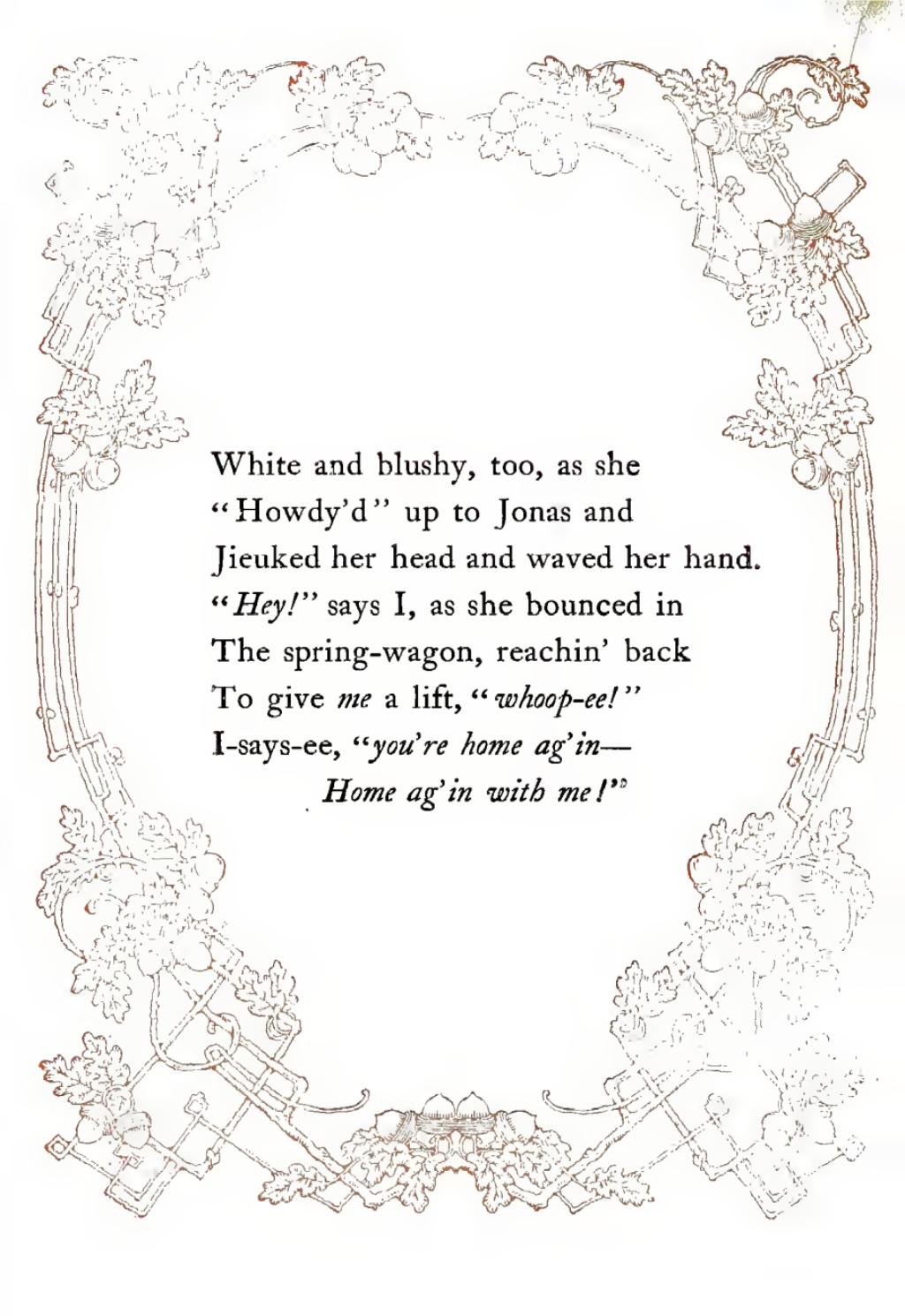


Howard Chandler Christy 1912





And a kind o' laughin' all  
round her new red parasol



White and blushy, too, as she  
“Howdy’d” up to Jonas and  
Jieuked her head and waved her hand.  
“Hey!” says I, as she bounced in  
The spring-wagon, reachin’ back  
To give *me* a lift, “*whoop-ee!*”  
I-says-ee, “*you’re home ag’in—*  
*Home ag’in with me!*”



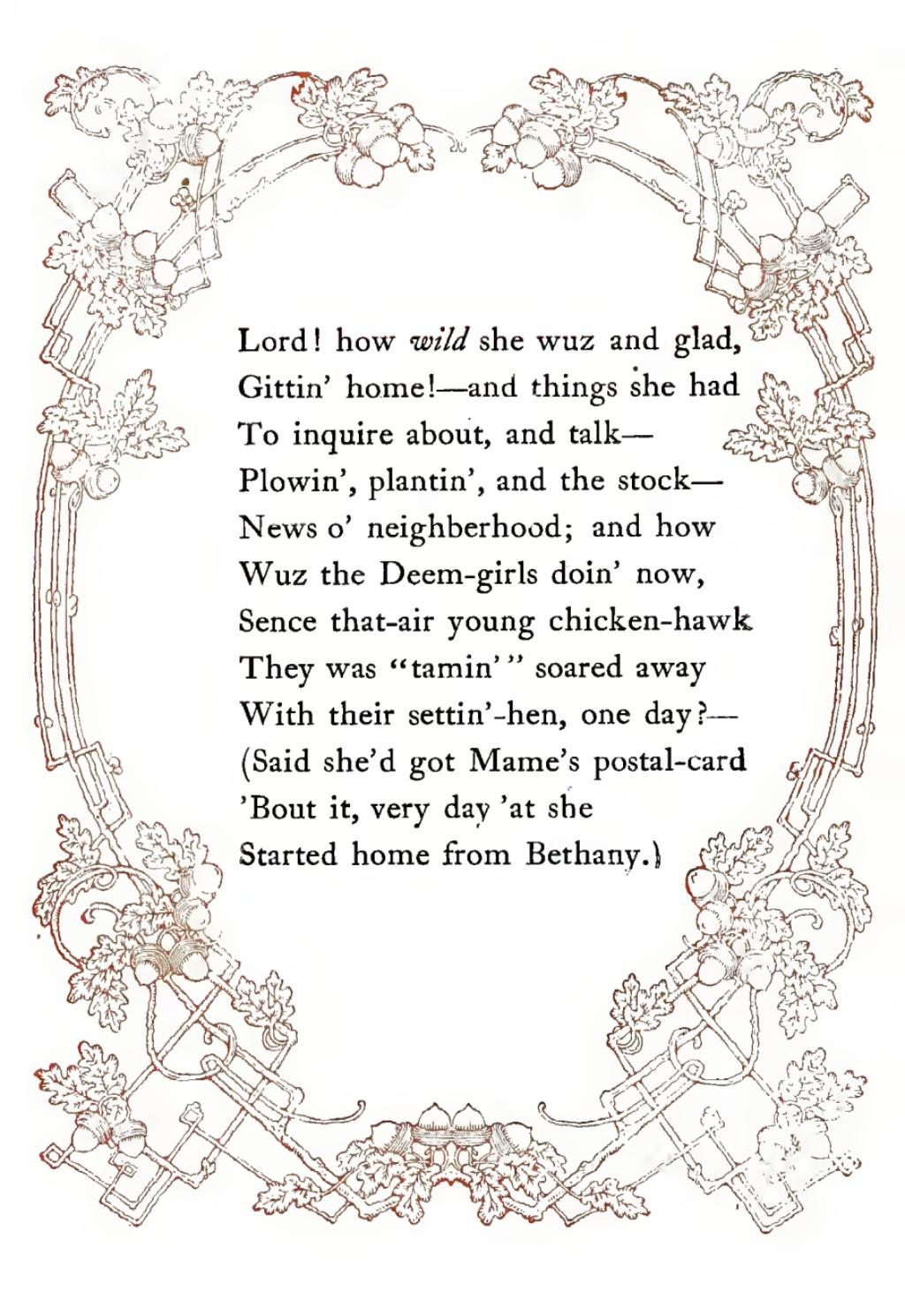
Howard Chandler Christy 1900





John C. Houlding Co.

"-says-ee, "you're home ag'in—  
Home ag'in with me!"



Lord! how *wild* she wuz and glad,  
Gittin' home!—and things she had  
To inquire about, and talk—  
Plowin', plantin', and the stock—  
News o' neighborhood; and how  
Wuz the Deem-girls doin' now,  
Sence that-air young chicken-hawk  
They was "tamin'" soared away  
With their settin'-hen, one day?—  
(Said she'd got Mame's postal-card  
'Bout it, very day 'at she  
Started home from Bethany.)



Jean Chandler Christie 2002





And got back, and goin' to 'ply  
Fer school-license by and by

How wuz pro-duce—eggs, and lard?—  
Er wuz stores still claimin' "hard  
Times," as usual? And, says she,  
Troubled-like, "How's Deedie—say?  
Sence pore child e-loped away  
And got back, and goin' to 'ply  
Fer school-license by and by—  
And where's 'Lijy workin' at?  
And how's 'Aunt' and 'Uncle Jake'?  
How wuz 'Old Maje'—and the cat?  
And wuz Marthy's baby fat  
As his 'Humpty-Dumpty' ma?—

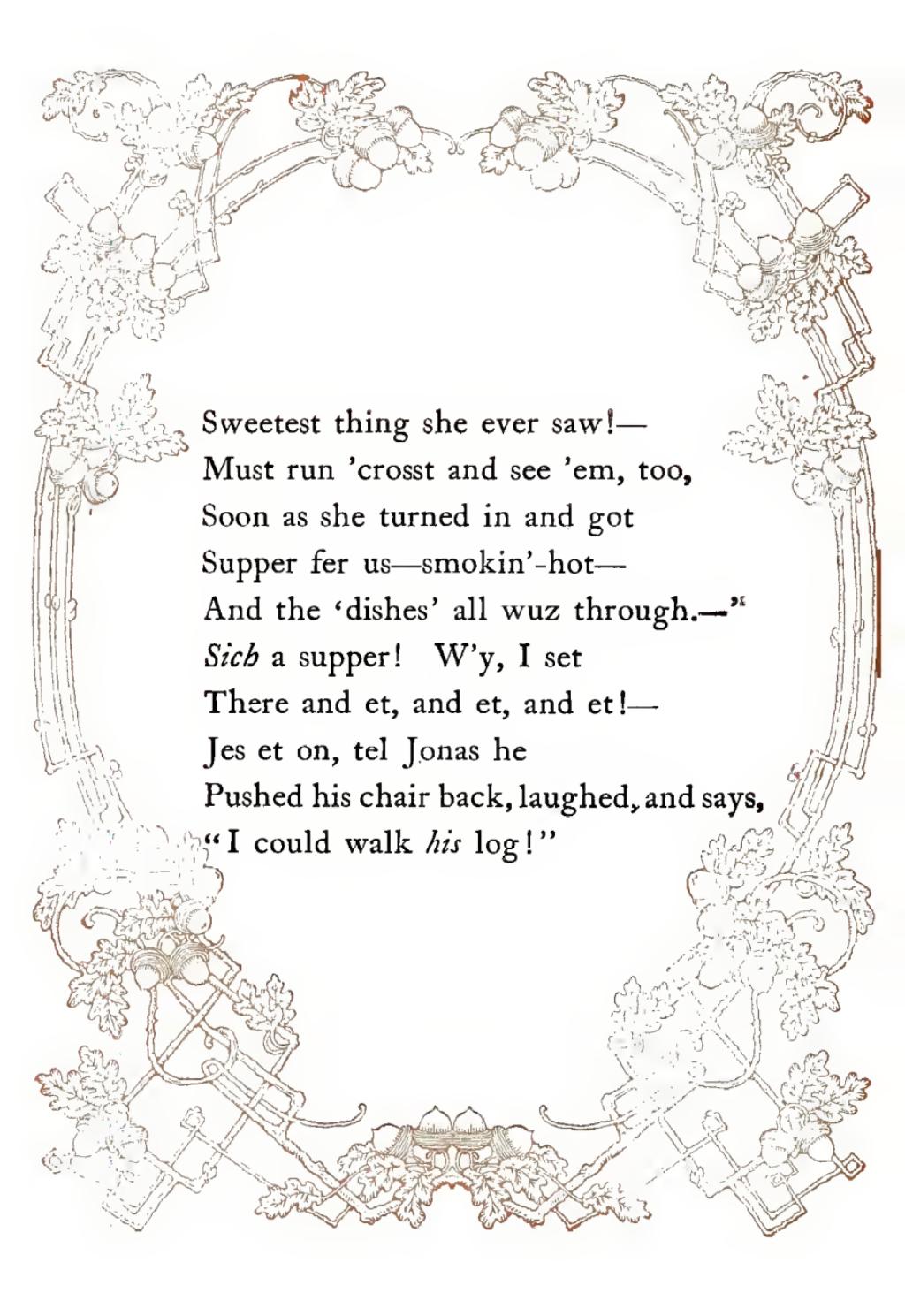


"They hain't no better time . . . than the times we ust to know"





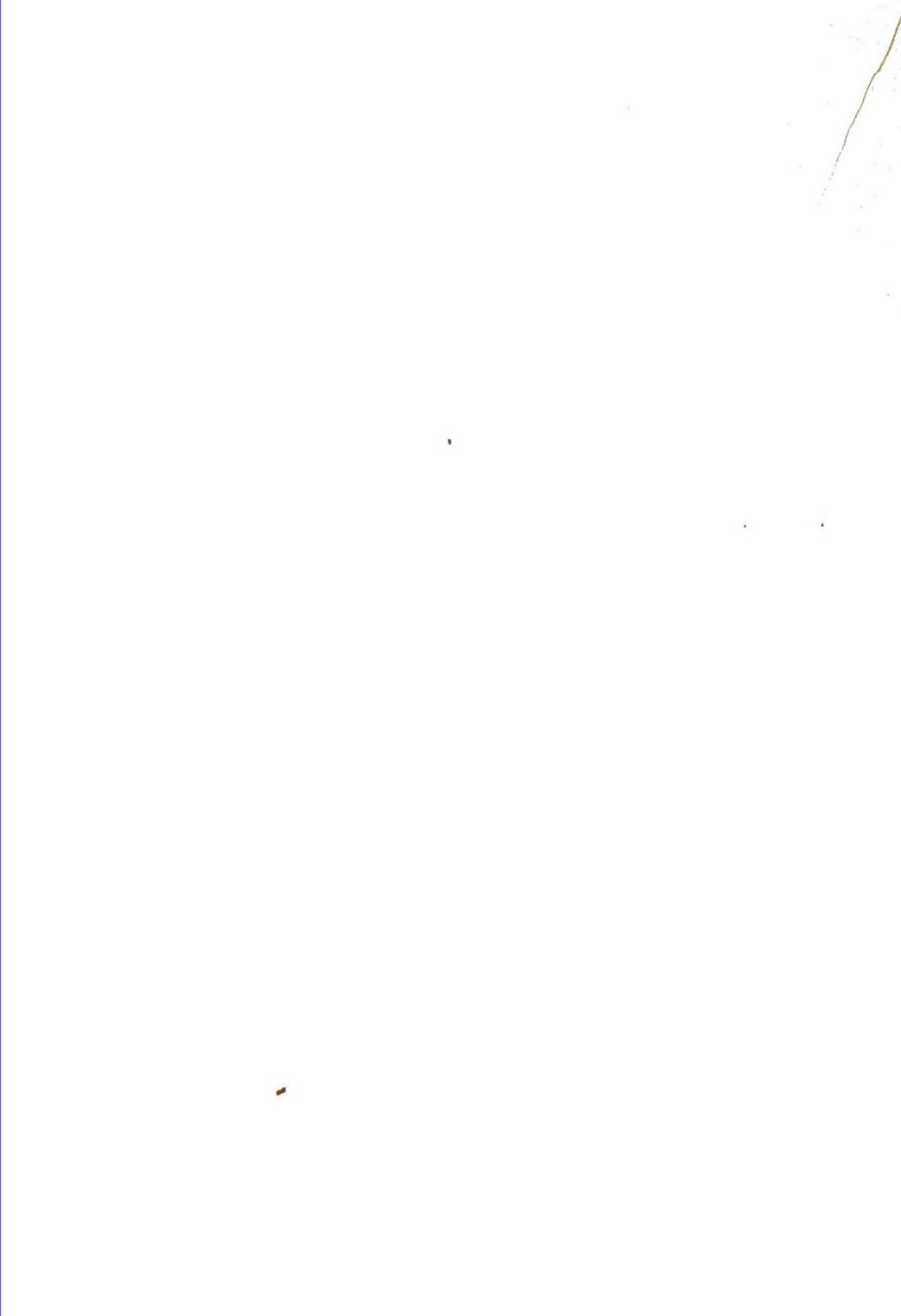
Er wuz stores still claimin' "hard  
Times," as usuz'?



Sweetest thing she ever saw!—  
Must run 'crosst and see 'em, too,  
Soon as she turned in and got  
Supper fer us—smokin'-hot—  
And the 'dishes' all wuz through.—"  
*Sich* a supper! W'y, I set  
There and et, and et, and et!—  
Jes et on, tel Jonas he  
Pushed his chair back, laughed, and says,  
"I could walk *his* log!"



—Paula Chandler Schieffelin 1972





Howard Chandler Christy 1925

Soon as she turned in and got  
Supper fer us—smokin'-hot

And we

All laughed then, tel 'Viry she  
Lit the lamp—and I give in!—  
Riz and kissed her: “Heaven bless  
You!” says I—“you’re home ag’in—  
Same old dimple in your chin,  
Same white apern,” I-says-ee,  
“Same sweet girl, and good to see  
As your *mother* ust to be,—  
And I’ got you home ag’in—  
Home ag’in with me!” .



Howard Chandler Christy





Howard Chandler Christy 119

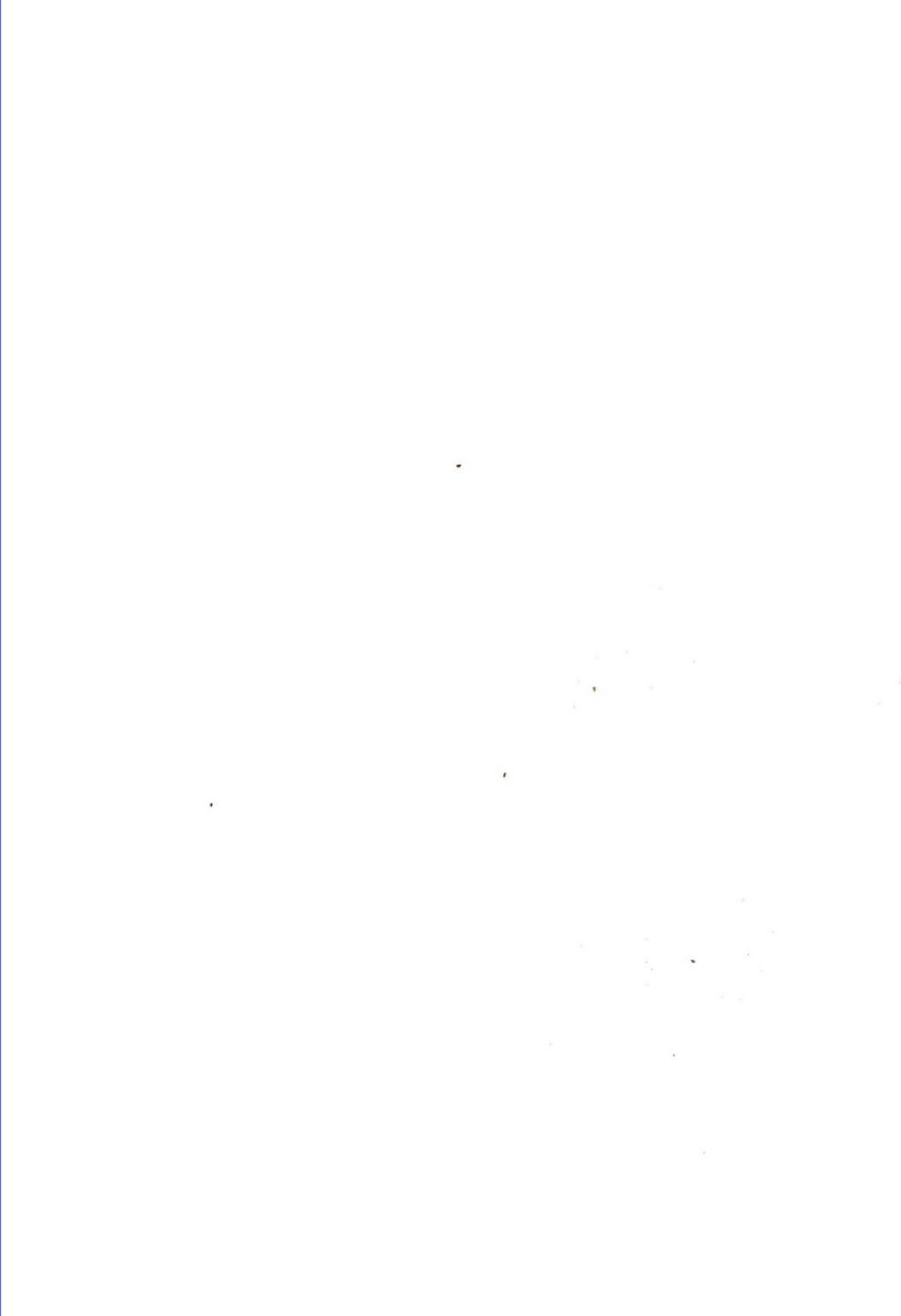
Same sweet girl, and good to see  
As you\* mother ust to be

I turns then to go on by'er  
Through the door—and see her eyes  
Both wuz swimmin', and she tries  
To say somepin'—can't—and so  
Grabs and hugs and lets me go. . . .  
Noticed Aunty'd lit the fire  
In the settin'-room and gone  
Back where her p'serves wuz on  
B'ilin' in the kitchen. . . . . I  
Went out on the porch and set,  
Thinkin'-like. . . . . . .



Howard Chandler Christy 1912

"Marthy was allus my favorite"





— Maude Blasdell Christy —

And see her eyes  
Both wuz swimmin'

And by and by  
Heerd Elviry, soft and low,  
At the organ, kind o' go  
A mi-anderin' up and down  
With her fingers 'mongst the keys—  
“Vacant Chair” and “Old Camp-  
Groun’.” . . . . .  
Dusk was moist-like, with a breeze  
Lazin' round the locus'-trees . . . .  
Heerd the hosses champin', and  
Jonas feedin'—and the hogs—  
Yes, and katydids and frogs—  
And a tree-toad, som'er's. . . .

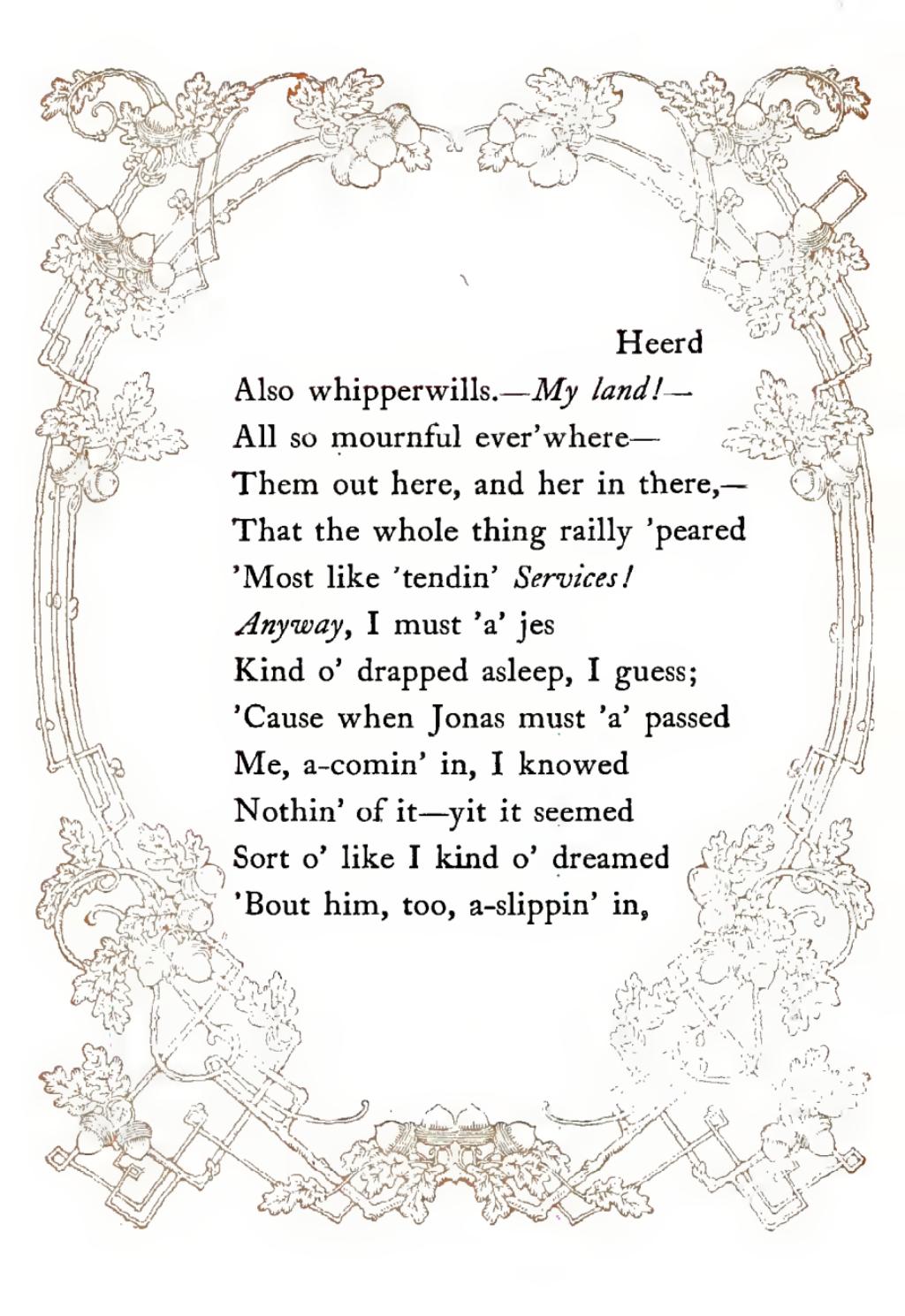


“Only a dream that the fancy weaves”





Yes, and katydids and frogs—  
And a tree-toad, som'er's



Heerd

Also whipperwills.—*My land!*—  
All so mournful ever'where—  
Them out here, and her in there,—  
That the whole thing railly 'peared  
'Most like 'tendin' Services!

*Anyway*, I must 'a' jes  
Kind o' drapped asleep, I guess;  
'Cause when Jonas must 'a' passed  
Me, a-comin' in, I knowed  
Nothin' of it—yit it seemed  
Sort o' like I kind o' dreamed  
'Bout him, too, a-slippin' in,



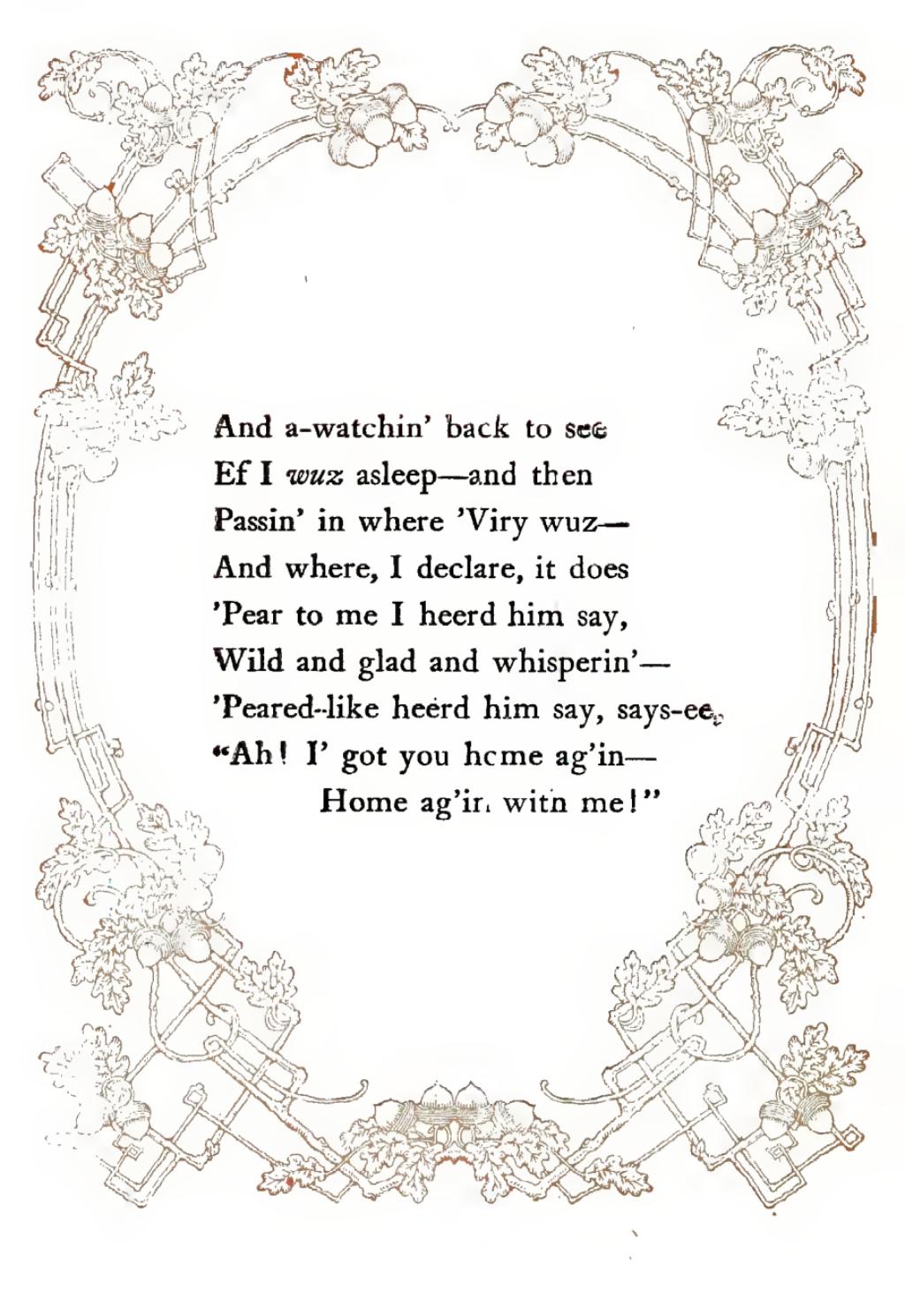
Eward Chandler, Etchery, 1918

"My Grandfather Squeers"





Anyway, I must 'a' jes  
Kind o' drapped asleep, I guess



And a-watchin' back to see  
Ef I *wuz* asleep—and then  
Passin' in where 'Viry wuz—  
And where, I declare, it does  
'Pear to me I heerd him say,  
Wild and glad and whisperin'—  
'Peared-like heerd him say, says-ee,  
“Ah! I’ got you home ag'in—  
Home ag'ir. with me!”



Howard Chandler Christy 1902



—Annie's Children's Library 103

Ah! I 'got you home ag'in—  
Home ag'in with me!













